On my frozen, dripping cheek I might have thought it was hailing.
. . . Why do I speak of this? — For fear of describing a landscape.

There is no art except on a human scale. The instrument that allows man to go beyond his measure, to exceed his natural agility, escapes the conditions of the work of art. O light feet of Achilles! you are not scorned with impunity. Yes, the work of art was easy in a time when Pegasus of the ideal flight alone outdistanced the speedy son of Peleus. There can be no question of art as soon as the idea of establishing a record enters in.

Locating the idea of perfection, not in equilibrium and the middle path, but in the extreme and exaggeration is perhaps what will most set off our period and distinguish it most annoyingly.

To succeed on this plane, one must agree never to be embarrassed by anything. The *"quod decet"* of art is the first obstacle to be forgotten.

The young men I have known who were most crazy about automobile-driving were, to begin with, the least interested in traveling. The pleasure is no longer that of seeing the country or even of quickly reaching a certain place, where nothing really attracts them; but simply that of going fast. And though one enjoys thereby sensations just as deeply inartistic or anti-artistic as those of mountain-climbing, it must be admitted that they are intense and indomitable. The period that has known them will not escape the consequences; it is the period of impressionism, of the rapid and superficial vision; one can guess what gods and altars it will choose; through lack of respect, consideration, and consistency, it will sacrifice even more on those altars, but in an unconscious or unavowed manner.

The work of art blossoms forth only with the participation, the connivance of all the virtuous elements of the mind.

Road edged with plane trees from Aries to Raph&le,

and every ten trees an elm. Caper bushes.

Joy. Great soft wind. Flapping canvases. Beauty of the aerial ferry.

X kilometers without running over more than a chicken and a dog.
Two blow-outs: one in the middle of the Camargue, the other in the very center of the Crau plain.

At Saint-Gilles the rue Emile-Zola, as is fitting, leads to the church,
On the pediment of which, above the sculptured portico, a municipality with the purest taste has had painted in huge characters:

FRENCH REPUBLIC

LIBERTY - EQUALITY - FRATERNITY